

Inexcusable Ignorance

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER told the Columbia students the other day that any man who advocated the policy of keeping aloof from other nations' affairs was unpatriotic and un-American.

We do not have any particular reverence for college presidents, and if we had ever had any, one awful example, now in seclusion, would have finished that. So we will say to the president of Columbia University that he talks in a silly fashion.

No man did more, according to his ability, to drag us into the European war than did President Butler. No man outdid him in denouncing the kaiser as the sum of all villainy and as a strutting, incompetent tyrant. Yet a few years before Dr. Butler came back from Berlin, where he had delightedly enjoyed a walk and talk with Wilhelm, proclaiming the kaiser to be the greatest and wisest and best ruler living.

President Butler's appetite for publicity and perennial delight in the company of the rich and great are amiable weaknesses which cause only chuckles.

But when any man denounces those who abide in the faith of Washington and hold fast to our old and wise tradition of non-entanglement in the affairs of other nations as unpatriotic and anti-American, we shall not be deterred from resenting the slander and rebuking the slanderer because he happens to be a college president as well as an unusually successful go-getter.

Besides, ignorance of history and facts is inexcusable in an educator.

This Is Good Talk.

POLITICIANS would do well to listen to business men's talk more often.

For instance, here is good talk by Mr. Peter Steenstrup, member of the Foreign Trade Committee of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce—a useful body with a name a yard too long:

"The question of disarmament is fundamental to the entire economic condition. We should have open publicity at the coming conference. The peoples in all countries will never stand for continuing present expenditures on armament if the facts are brought fully to light."

The United States will disarm only when it is absolutely safe to disarm.

That will be when Japan and England and France cut their military and naval establishments in half.

No one wants to attack either France, Japan or England. Their enormous armies and navies are therefore open to the suspicion that they are kept up for possible attacks upon other peoples.

If the conference here is in the open, the representatives of Japan, England and France will be compelled to explain to their own peoples just why those peoples are taxed beyond endurance to maintain greater armies and greater navies than ever before.

And no explanation they can give will satisfy their own peoples.

Mr. Steenstrup is exactly right.

Canada and Her Soldiers

IN Leslie's, William Slavens McNutt tells a story which isn't cheerful reading for Americans with a conscience.

It is the story of what Canada has done for her soldiers.

To 51,402 incapacitated men were given vocational training. Single men, while in training, received \$75 a month; married men, \$100.

To all honorably discharged men who had served more than three years was given a bonus of \$600; to those who served less than two years, \$500; more than one year, \$400, etc.

Employment was found for 109,493.

Pensions were awarded to 110,702.

Veterans to the number of 59,331 applied for farms and 43,063 got them, to a total of 4,854,799 acres, equaling a tenth of Canada's cultivated area. To 19,771 of these soldier farmers Canada loaned \$80,371,750 at 5 per cent for stock and equipment, and only 200 have defaulted in repayment.

Last year these 43,063 soldier farmers produced crops worth nearly \$15,000,000.

Canada has 8,000,000 population, high prices, high taxes and all the handicaps which are magnified in the United States by those who oppose soldiers' relief. Canada also has a currency which is at a discount in exchange.

Yet Canada never whimpered. All honor to Canada!

Only the United States, reputedly the richest nation in the world, is too poor to care adequately for its disabled veterans, to say nothing of its unemployed, or of a general bonus.

Confirmation.

PROF. VERNON KELLOGG, sent to Russia by Secretary Hoover to investigate conditions, makes a most favorable report of the Soviet government's character and conduct.

Mr. Mackenzie, the Canadian commissioner, who has spent months in Russia, makes even more favorable reports than does Prof. Kellogg. The correspondent of the New York Times in Russia writes to his paper that the Soviet government is firmly established and universally supported, that the famine is due to drought and not to communism, and adds that the hostile sentiment against the Soviet government outside of Russia is due to the continued and unscrupulous lying of anti-Soviet propaganda bureaus maintained at Helsingfors, Riga, Reval—and, he might have added, in Paris and New York.

The significance of these successive reports lies in the fact that they come from men who are extreme conservatives, who detest communism, who went to Russia greatly prejudiced against the Soviet government, and who could be relied upon not to be anxious to find anything to say in favor of the Soviet government.

It is some satisfaction to the Hearst papers to see the truth of what they have constantly told their readers about Russia and the Soviet government thus confirmed by every responsible American who is now able to speak with personal knowledge of Russian conditions.

STICK-TO-IT-IVENESS.

By J. J. MUNDY.

Hesitating at a time which meant either success or failure has often caused failure. Losing faith in one's own judgment at the opening of the road to success has brought disaster.

It is the long and strong pull at the near end of the line of endeavor after painstaking hard work, lots of it, which means success. If you have been fairly successful following a certain course and you see a chance to broaden out, the confidence you have in your past work should give you inspiration to double your efforts and expect to see those efforts rewarded by a larger success.

It requires stick-to-it-iveness—have you got it?

Application of mind and perhaps muscle are requisites.

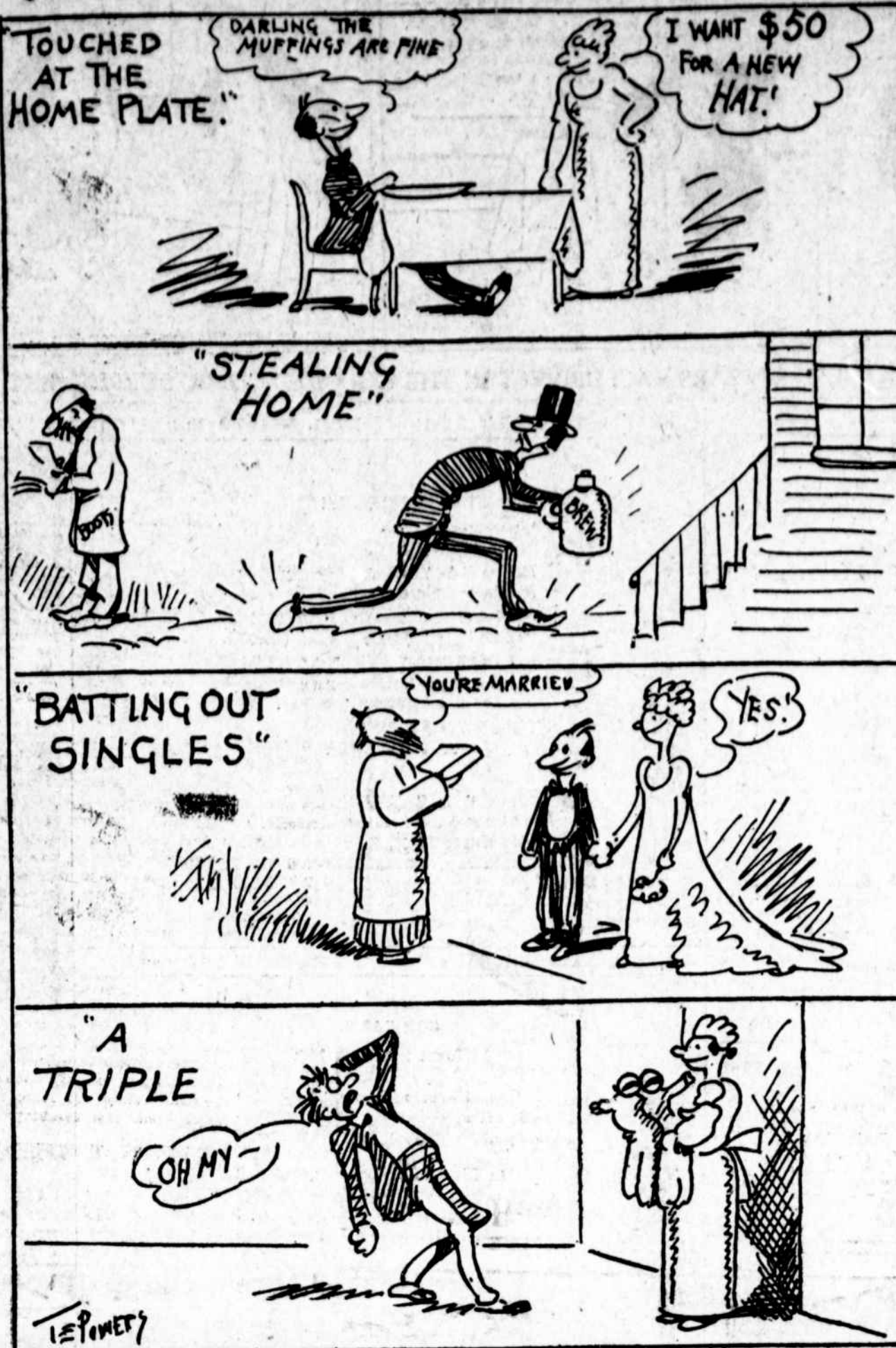
It is in the final struggle that many men fail. Don't give up; stick to your purpose.

Of course if business conditions reverse in the line in which you have been a success, do not try to wrest success from a lost cause, but other things being equal do not give up while you have a chance where full steam at the last can put you over.

Play Ball

My Boss Is "Hep" to the Game.

By T. E. POWERS



THEY'RE HUMAN

BY William Atherton Du Puy

Chris Hagarty is a war correspondent and went to cover the Boxer uprising nearly two decades ago. He was half around the world with a British journalist named Jack Dally, and Tom Mellard, now financial adviser to the Chinese Government.

They stopped to take a look at the allurements of Honolulu, which Mellard had seen many times, but which was new to the others. The three rode around the town in a low-necked hack. The two novices were raptured. Hagarty, who was given to word painting, opined that God had made this masterpiece first and had afterward become careless of the rest of the world. Daily thought it was the dream of a seaph after the first falling in love. Mellard was bored and yawned.

Suddenly he sat bolt upright, his attention riveted on something ahead. "By Jove," he ejaculated, and slapped his thigh. "They have put up a new icehouse."

Whereupon the huge Hagarty seized him by the proper handles and threw him bodily from the carriage.

A sharp-faced, wide-awake, blue-eyed, bowstring sort of man is Edward C. Finney, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior. For thirty years he has had to do with the execution of the regulations of the Government as they apply to the Administration of the national domain and the prosecution of violators of the law appertaining to that same.

If you drop in upon Mr. Finney casually in the big interior office, you will likely find him flitting busily at his desk. "Dropping out our income from anticlines," Mr. Finney will tell you. "What are anticlines? Why, anticlines are nature's reservoirs in which it has kept stored through the ages the gasoline which operates twentieth century motorcars. An anticline is a sort of inverted dishpan into which this oil is crowded by subterranean pressure and where it is held until a leak pierces the bottom of the pan, producing a leak upward in the form of an oil well. Prospectors for oil search diligently for these hidden anticlines. Wherever they find one on the Government domain, we require that they pay the Government a certain proportion of the oil they get. These royalties to the Government already amount to five or six million dollars a year, and these will grow as time passes."

The canal that the French would have built at Panama, seventy feet wide and twenty-nine feet deep, would have been a toy canal, a canalboat canal, by this time, says Congressman Martin B. Madden, the engineer in Congress who has come to be the chairman of the new Budget Committee. It might have held back the growth of ships, the development of the shipping of the world. Fortunately we made the canal bigger than was at first planned.

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Tombstone Floor.

The floors of the nave and aisles of St. Magnus cathedral at Kirkwall in the Orkneys were formerly paved with tombstones, the oldest of which seems to be dated 1582. Among them is one in memory of a certain William Irving, who must have died a violent death. "Being Shot out of ye Castel." This good man, who passed out of this life in September, 1614, the month when the Earl of Cathness was besieging Robert Stewart in the castle, was doubtless an ancestor of our own Washington Irving, whose father was born in the Island of Shapinsay, across the sound from Kirkwall, and emigrated to New York in 1763.—National Geographic Magazine.

Mr. B. Baer

TOUGH ON POODLE DOGS.

SCRAGGLY whiskered scientists are leaping among their statistics again. Last year they doped that Betelgeuse was further away from Staten Island than weather forecasters are from truth. Now they buzz us that supply of gasoline won't last more than two centuries, even if you drink it slow.

PRODUCTION of gasoline skidded off one million gallons per month since July. Costs now anywhere from twenty to thirty cents per gal. Price depends on whether you want cooking or drinking gas. Owner of 1921 car would sure like to grab some 1904 gasoline. It was only eleven cents that year.

GASOLINE is absolutely necessary to assist progress in limping along. Pedestrians use it to remove grease spots from vests. Chauffeurs employ it to make grease spots out of pedestrians. Life is just couple of smears.

THERE are now about ten million flivvers of different makes in this traffic jammed country. Ratio of one accident for every ten rubber-heeled citizens. Doesn't seem enough. With gasoline evaporating faster than subsidiary corporations can raise prices, we will eventually have to put cars up in curl papers and go back to wheelbarrows. Just where we started. After Rois-Roycing for twenty years, it's terrible to slide out of lap of luxury.

ABSENCE of gasoline won't affect real F. O. B. flivvers. They'll keep running through habit.

WITH no gasoline there will be no boulevard flirtations. Owner of flivver could get about fifteen mile per gal. Owner of Rooids could get about fifteen gals per mile.

Garden of Gethsemane. Excavations in the Garden of Gethsemane begun by the Franciscans last year have unearthed a church of the thirteenth century and another of the fourth century, the latter under the foundations of the former.

Battleships of the Powers.

Battleships are owned at the present day by the great powers of the world as follows: United States, thirty-six; Great Britain, twenty-nine; Russia and Italy, thirteen each; Japan, twelve, and France, eleven.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

By K. C. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 6.

DEAR K. C. B.—Every day, in the B and O. freight yards near the place where I work, there pass, about noon, two engineers who wave to all of us and we wave back. One time we waved too long, or the head lady came in too soon, and anyway I am writing to you to tell you that she caught us waving and that she doesn't think it is nice, and now when the train passes about noon, and they wave and we do not wave back, they look melancholy. And so I am wondering whether you think it is nice, or at least not bad, for us to wave to the engine men.

ONE OF US.

MY DEAR One of U. S.

YOU MAY have forgotten.

OR YOU may not have read.

A COLUMN I wrote.

OF A little girl.

WHO LIVED on a farm.

AND The old farm house.

WAS NEAR the tracks.

WHERE TRAINS went by.

AND EVERY day.

FROM THE very same window.

THIS LITTLE girl.

WAVED BOTH her hands.

TO THE engineers.

AND FIREMEN.

AND THEY waved back.

AND WHEN night came.

SHE'D PUT a light.

ON THE window sill.

AND THE engineers.

WOULD WHISTLE past.

AND THE engine men.

FOUND OUT one day.

THAT The little girl.

WAS AN invalid.

AND THEY made a purse.

THAT BOUGHT for her.

THE BEST there was.

OF DOCTOR'S skill.

AND SHE got well.

AND IT seems to me.

THAT ANYTHING.

THAT COULD bring about.

A JOY like this.

CAN'T BE very bad.

AND IF I were you.

I'D MISS a stitch.

ONCE EVERY day.

AND WAVE my hand.

TO THE engine men.

I THANK you.

What Kind of Game Do You Play?

[This editorial is printed at the request of the Rev. Harry M. Warren, who writes:]

DEAR EDITOR:

Won't you please reprint the editorial, "What Kind of a Game Do You Play?" It is of great value. I know of many who were greatly helped by it. H. M. WARREN.

This is an editorial which might be headed "KEEP YOUR MIND ON THE ONE IMPORTANT THING." It is an editorial about concentration, about putting your REAL thought on some real WORK.

There isn't a man who doesn't WANT something that he hasn't got. There isn't one that isn't planning in a more or less aimless way to do something, to get something, to BE something. And there really is not one that could not succeed fairly well, at least, IF HE COULD ONLY KEEP HIS MIND ON REAL THINGS AND OFF OF OTHER THINGS.

Have you ever seen two men play chess, a good player and a bad player? The bad player begins apologizing for himself before the thing starts, apologizes all the way through, and loses at the end, even though the queen or other pieces be given to him in advance.

The good player sits down, looks good-naturedly at his opponent, watches his first move, plans the thing out, wins smilingly and easily, BUT HIS MIND HAS BEEN ON THE GAME.

Life is a game. Every one of us must play it whether he wants to or not. And every one plays the game with the same old partner—TIME.

At life's table, opposite you, sits Time with his scythe, and at his elbow the stake—SUCCESS.

Anything that takes your mind off the game gives Time the advantage. That is to say anything that does not at the same time add TO YOUR POWER of work and thought.

There is no use going back over the moves that have been made foolishly. The game is still on, and it is never too late to win it if you will MAKE UP your mind, concentrate your mind and brush aside interruptions.

Time is a good natured old man; he plays fairly and leniently. He is relentless in his steady onward pace; he never gives you back the day that you have given him for nothing. That is one day OFF THE BOARD. But you can win and beat him in the days that remain, if you will.

Lectures on concentration are needed by YOUNG men especially. For their temptations are the most numerous. Much intelligence is used up trying to get their minds away from the real work.

Foolish fashions make them waste time on their clothes, their hats, THEIR LOOKS, when those looks amount to nothing. The man of brains should simply make up his mind TO LOOK CLEAN, TO SHOW SELF RESPECT; nothing else matters.

The hard thing for young men and others to remember is that THEIR WORK is their real occupation. Take the average young man playing a game of cards, of baseball, or of any other MERE AMUSEMENT. If you should try at THAT time to interest him in some outside thing, some new kind of a hat band, some new color for the cravat, he would say to you, "Don't bother me, I am busy NOW, you will make me lose the game."

How many know enough to say the same when they are playing life's REAL game, which is the game of work?

The road before every man is perfectly clear, and there is only just ONE way of getting over that road, which is TO WALK STRAIGHT AHEAD TO THE END OF IT.

Suppose a man were locked up in jail and had to make his way out. What would you think of him if one day he started to bore a hole in ONE spot and next day started a hole in another spot, and kept on all his life starting little holes in different spots and never going on with any one of them? You would think him a lunatic. Yet that is what ninety-nine men out of a hundred do in this life.

We are all of us locked up here, all of us imprisoned by conditions by which we must bore a hole if we want to get out and amount to anything. We try this way and try that way and try the other, and do nothing, WHEREAS BY TRYING ONE WAY AND KEEPING AT THAT WAY WE COULD GET OUT IN THE END.

We have talked on this subject of concentration before. We shall talk about it again. YOU CANNOT SUCCEED IN THE BIG THING IF YOU LET THE LITTLE THINGS TAKE UP YOUR MIND AND YOUR TIME.

If your best thought goes to the selection of a straw hat, and your second best thought to the selection of your clothes, and your third best thought to some profound speculation on the races or the result of the baseball competition, WHAT KIND OF THOUGHT IS LEFT FOR THE REAL WORK?

And what in the world can help you or give you any kind of success, except steady grinding at the real work?

When you wake up in the morning say to yourself, "I am going to keep at my work and think of nothing else today." Don't think with how little work you can get through today, but, on the contrary, HOW MUCH work you can get into it. Whatever you have undertaken to do, do it better than the next man, and not only better than the next man, BUT AS WELL AS IT IS POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO DO IT.

We do not share the comfortable theory that ANY man can achieve anything that he desires if he will work hard enough. That is not true. Edison could not possibly have painted as well as Sargent, and Sargent could not possibly have developed Edison's inventive genius.